

MY OTHER HOUSE I AM

SLOWLY I AM INTOXICATED AND MY HOUSE
IS CHANGING, VARYING INTO OTHER
TREMBLING VERSIONS THAT DARKLY SHAKE
AWAY FROM ONE ANOTHER, *VEERING*
AROUND ~~TRANSMUTATIONS~~.

IN MY WHITE NIGHTS THE VERSIONS ARE ALL
THERE, STARING, IN MY ROOM, AND MY
OTHER HOUSE I AM BECOMING.

I WAS MY HOUSE, OR AM I STILL? I DON'T
REMEMBER. MY ANCIENT HOUSE HAS GONE,
VAPORIZED. MY BRICKS EVAPORATED. WHAT
AM I BECOMING?

I AM A VALEDICTION TO MY ANCIENT HOUSE I
AM. A LEAVE-TAKING I AM.

I AM THE TREMBLING VERSIONS
THAT DARKLY SHAKE AWAY
FROM ONE ANOTHER, STARING AT
YOU IN YOUR WINTER SECRET. IN
YOUR EVENING ROOM.

I AM.